In summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius *with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent *Tribunes*, Oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
Lucius. Oh Noble Father you lament in vaine,
The *Tribunes* heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
Lucius. My gratious Lord, no *Tribune* heares you speak.
Titus. VVhy tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better than the *Tribunes*,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
when I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weeds,
Rome could afford no *Tribunes* like to these:
A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc't,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.
Titus. O happie man, they haue befriended thee:

why

why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiu
That Rome is but a wildernes of tygers?
Tygers must pray, and Rome affords no pr
But me and mine, how happie art thou th
From these deuourers to be banished.
But who comes with our brother *Marcus*

Enter Marcus *with* Lauinia.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy aged eies t
Or if not so, thy Noble hart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Titus. will it consume mee? Let me see
Marcus. this was thy Daughter.
Titus. why *Marcus* so shee is.
Lucius. Ay mee, this Obiect kils mee.
Titus. Faint-harted-boy, arise and loo
Speake *Lauinea*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handles in thy fathers sig
what foole hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning T
My griefe was at the height before thou ca
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds.
Giue me a sword Ile choppe off my hands
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in v
And they haue nurst this woe, in feeding life
In bootlesse prier haue they beene held vp
And they haue serude me to effectles vse.
Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other,
tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to doe Rome seruice is but vain
Lucius. Speake gentle sister, who hath m
Marcus. Oh that delightfull engine of
That blabd them with such pleasing eloqu